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Buddha's Tooth.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

Our illustration shows a very curious procession which takes place every year in Kandy, in Ceylon, nominally in honor of the famous tooth of Buddha, but really, it is said, in honor of various Hindoo gods and goddesses against whose worship Buddha preached.

The only part the Buddhist priests take in the ceremony is the loan of the famous tooth —or its empty shrine—which is borne on the back of a sacred elephant, under an elaborate canopy.

The relic of the left eye-tooth of Gautama Buddha, said to be preserved in the Temple of the Dalada, in Kandy, has a curious history. This is said to have been rescued from his funeral pile B.C. 543; it was preserved for eight centuries at Dantapura in South India, and carried thence to Ceylon in A.D. 310.

After having been taken back to India, it was again recaptured and brought to Ceylon, where the Portuguese missionaries got possession of it in the sixteenth century, carried it away to Goa, and, after refusing a large ransom offered for it, destroyed it at Goa in the presence of witnesses.

Nevertheless the Buddhist priests at Kandy produced another tooth, which they affirmed to be the real relic, that taken by the Portuguese being a counterfeit, and this they conducted to the shrine with great pomp. This is the relic now treasured with such care and reverence.

It is probably not a human tooth at all, being, as those who have seen it affirm, much too large (two inches long) ever to have belonged to man.

When the British got possesion of it in 1815, there was great excitement, the possession of the relic being regarded as a sign of rightful sovereignty. They allowed it, however, to be restored to its shrine amid great festivities.

The sanctuary in which it reposes is a small chamber, without a ray of light. The

THE PROCESSION OF THE TOOTH.

BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

frames of the doors of this chamber are inlaid with carved ivory, and on a massive silver table stands the bell-shaped shrine, jewelled and hung round with chains, and consisting of six cases, the largest five feet high, formed of silver-gilt inlaid with rubies.

The other cases are similar but gradually decrease in size, until, on removing the innermost one, about one foot in height, a golden lotus is disclosed, on which reposes the sacred relic.

In front of the silver altar is a table, upon which worshippers deposit their gifts. Should funds be needed for any purpose, an exhibition of the tooth may be relied upon by its keepers to bring in an abundant harvest!

Bits of Experience.

(By S. W. H., in the 'Presbyterian.')

'How is it,' I asked a friend, who I knew had passed through many troubles with no lessening of faith and hope, 'how is it that you have a passage of Scripture to suit every time of need and hour of trial?'

'How does the bee have honey in the winter when there are no flowers?' she replied. 'It gathers a supply in the summer and hives it away. So in hours of peace and quietness I have fed upon the sweet promises of God's Word, and when the hour of trouble or sorrow or perplexity came, the honey was there, as King Solomon said that which was "sweeter than the honeycomb."

'I recall a trial now,' she continued, 'that seemed very great then, but now, as I look back upon it through the long vista of years it appears insignificant. But a little cloud may hide the sun and cast gloom over the landscape. I wonder if all our trials that now are so grievous will appear trifling when viewed from another life? Will they be indeed the light affiictions that are but for a moment?'

'Tell me about the one you recall, and how you were helped.'

'It was in the spring of my twentieth year that I started one Saturday to the little village of Woodlawn to teach the summer term of school. I had set out on my journey knowing that the public hack would carry me only to Hancock, about six miles from my destination. But I had several friends in Hancock, with any of whom I could stay, and I knew they would help me make arrangements to reach Woodlawn in time for school on Monday morning. I alighted at the hotel with a cheerful heart, and after tea, called upon my friends. I found one away on a visit, a second with serious illness in her family, and a third all torn up to move to another place. There was no alternative but to stay where I was. It was my first experience in a hotel alone. I did not relish it. Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. I could not go to church.

I felt gloomy and forsaken beyond words to express. In the evening the rain slackened, and I went to church. The minister preached from the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." The words and sermon seemed like a special message to me, and came like balm to my soul. I was comforted beyond the power of words to express, and yet nothing had occurred to relieve me from the embarrassing features of my situation. I went back to the hotel, slept soundly all night, and the next morning the host found a trusty person to take me to Woodlawn where I arrived in time to begin school at nine o'clock.

'Truly has God said, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please." Jesus said, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life." '

I am quite sure that every Christian could add numberless instances from his own experience when the words of Scripture have comforted, cheered and guided him.

Mrs. Stowe, in her old age, wrote :—'It is affecting to me to recall things that strangely moved me years ago, that filled my thoughts and made me anxious, when the occasion and emotion have wholly vanished from my mind. But I thank God there is one thing running through all of them from the time I was thirteen years old, and that is the intense, unwavering sense of God's educating, guiding, presence and care.

At Grace Church.

(By Wildie Thayer, in 'Morning Star.')

A few of the members of Grace Church remained after prayer-meeting to have a social chat.

'Well,' said Deacon Lookhimover to Deacon Faultfinder, 'How do you like the new pastor? Don't you think his gestures are rather awkward?'

'Yes,' answered Deacon Faultfinder, 'I do, and I don't like the way he rolls his eyes just before he says 'Amen.'

'He never can fill Dr. Justgone's place,' chimed in Mrs. Listenbob. 'He ain't got no elements of leadership. Dr. Justgone had a way of raising and spreading out his hands—so (and the supposed imitation of Dr. Justgone's movements were not charming) in a way which sort of compelled every one to rise, but when Mr. Dohisbest rises he seems half asleep. I think we made a mistake in calling him.'

'So do I,' responded Widow Agreewithyou. 'For my part,' softly spoke Miss Lendahand, 'I like Mr. Dohisbest. I liked Mr. Justgone, too. I think Mr. Dohisbest a kind Christian gentleman. His sermons always give me plenty to think about, and if we listen in a spirit of helpfulness, as we ought, we will surely get good.'

'His prayers are certainly fine,' said Mrs. Timidity. 'I enjoy listening to them.'

Miss Lendahand smiled.

'But his gestures are something terrible,' continued Deacon Faultfinder, 'I don't criticize what he says, 'tis his motions. I think we ought to speak to him about it and perhaps he could improve.'

Miss Lendahand spoke. 'Ah, some people who are starving to death for the bread of life will acknowledge the bread is good, and yet will criticize the servant for lack of grace in passing it. Poor, sadly starving ones, believing they are filled.'

There was no answer to this, only a muttered ejaculation from the deacons, and the little company separated.

The congregation at Grace church was not a large one, but very intelligent, at least so they considered themselves. They desired that first and foremost their pastor should be able to lecture well, preach not only helpfully but instructively, and, above all, they demanded a pastor gifted with elocutionary grace. Their former pastor had, indeed, been a man with these essentials, and no one, it seemed, could ever fill the place of Dr. Justgone.

Mr. Dohisbest was seated in his study when Deacons Lookhimover and Faultfinder were announced. They plunged directly into the object of their visit.

'We have heard some fault found with your gestures, pastor. You see you are rather awkward. Your words are all right, your prayers are excellent, but your motions are against you. Now we want to know if you would be willing to study elocution awhile and remedy the defect.'

'Does the church wish me to do so?' asked the minister.

'Why, yes, if you are willing.'

'I am willing. I will see Professor Graceful in respect to the matter at once.'

'I wonder,' said Mr. Dohisbest, as his visitors left, 'if Peter, when he was sinking, criticised the gestures of his Lord, or if those whom Jesus healed cared whether or not his hands were gracefully outstretched.' And he laughed softly, half-bitterly, to himself.

In spite of his elocutionary drill Mr. Dohisbest would forget himself when he became alive with his sermon, and the congregation would gaze at him critically.

One Sunday a stranger was present. He listened eagerly as the earnest, helpful words fell from the pastor's lips. After the service he sought an introduction to the preacher. He called at his study, and, a year later, as a result, Mr. Dohisbest was called to preside over a college in the West. He accepted the call.

His church people parted from him with deep regret, and when Mr. Comenext arrived he was criticised as a pretty good speaker but not equal to dear Brother Dohisbest.

McKinley's Tribute.

The following paragraph was written by President McKinley for publication in the de Thulstrup Edition of 'Tarry Thou Till I Come,' (Frank & Waynalis Co.) and throws additional light on the Christian faith of this man who is now mourned as a nation's martyr.

(Dated, Washington, D. C., Sept. 15, 1900.

The religion which Christ founded has been a mighty influence in the civilization of the human race. If we of to-day owed to it nothing more than this, our debt of appreciation would be incalculable. The doctrine of love, purity, and right-living has step by step won its way into the heart of mankind, has exalted home and family, and has filled the future with hope and promise.

(Signed) WILLIAM McKINLEY.

An Invalid's Room.

When possible, the sick room should have a south or south-west aspect, except when illness occurs in the midst of intense climatic heat; then a northerly aspect is better, for the sake of coolness and shade. As a rule, however, a south aspect is desirable, as an invalid generally wants all the sunshine possible. A room of medium size is the best for invalid purposes. Ventilation is easier to manage, and there is less to clean than in a large room. For many reasons it is advisable that, if it can be so arranged, the sick room should be near the top of the house. In the first place, it is quieter if thus situated; noises from the street traffic as well as those from the house will be less noticeable. But a far more important reason is that poisoned and vitiated air has a tendency to rise, therefore if the sick room is on the ground or first floor the impure air will, according to natural laws, rise to the top of the house, and possibly affect those who may be living above the invalid. The sick room, however, should not be an attic. For one thing there will not be the proper air space, and secondly, a room situated directly under the roof is more subject to extreme heat and extreme cold, and there is difficulty in keeping up an even temperature, which is important during sickness. If there is a small dressing room adjoining so much the better. It will be useful as a store-room for extra bedding and reserves of all kinds. The sick room must be cheerful in appearance. Get rid of superfluous upholstered furniture, which only acts as dust traps, and in the after disinfecting may possibly be spoiled. Heavy curtains and valances are undesirable in infectious cases, but there is no reason that pretty washing curtains of lace or muslin should not be decoratively employed.—'Public Ledger.'

Absolvo Te.

(I ABSOLVE THEE.)

(A Hymn—Published by Request.)

One priest alone can pardon me
  Or bid me 'go in peace,'
Can breathe that word, 'Absolvo Te,'
  And make these heart-throbs cease;
My soul has heard His priestly voice;
  It said, 'I bore thy sins—rejoice!'

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
  The nail-print in His palm;
Said, 'Look on Me, the Crucified;
  Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine—I set thee free;
  Be not afraid—"Absolvo Te." '

By Him my soul is purified,
  Once leprous and defiled;
Cleansed by the blood, shed from His side,
  God sees me as a child;
No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
  No other say, 'Absolvo Te.'

He robed me in a priestly dress,
  That I might incense bring,
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,
  To heaven's Eternal King;
And when He gave this robe to me,
  He smiled and said, 'Absolvo Te.'

In heaven He stands before the throne,
  The Great High Priest above,
'Melchisedec'—that name alone
  Can sin's dark stains remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
  And hear that sweet 'Absolvo Te.'

A girded Levite here below,
  I willing service bring;
And fain would tell to all I know
  Of Christ, the Priestly King;
Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
  And have Him say, 'Absolvo Te.'

'A little while,' and He shall come
  Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home;
  Oh, bliss supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
  The Priest who said, 'Absolvo Te.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Oct. 6, Sun.—Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

Oct. 7, Mon.—It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

Oct. 8, Tues.—The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

Oct. 9, Wed.—Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever.

Oct. 10, Thur.—Let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Oct. 11, Fri.—Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.

Oct. 12, Sat.—My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A North Sea Peril.

('Toilers of the Deep.')

We were well out on the northernmost banks—farther than it is usual to sail in the winter months, but the fish had become scarce nearer home, so after it we had to go—or else starve! Three hundred miles from the Spurn we dropped on a fine run of 'prime,' but it ought to fetch its weight in gold, considering the weather we went through. Strong winds had followed us out, and while we cruised on and off, our lonely boat seemed the only object in these solitary waters on which they could hurl their power. Yet after all we thought we might laugh at their spite, for our ship was new and well-fastened. Still, it was cruel work, the constant shift of sail; now hauling down the balance reef, then letting out again, and what with shifting jibs we never had a dry rag to our backs since we left home, and glad enough we were to hear the skipper say we should make a last 'haul' that night, and then away for home, with the leading wind that blew.

The short winter's day of these parts was about done, and we were making ready the gear for a last shoot as the smack threshed to windward, under a one-reef breeze that sang in icy coldness out of the nor'west, and put a frosted deadness on the weather side of the blue-black seas swinging with tinted caps of foam, as they rose to the level of the light; and as we stormed along, with the deep-red sun dead over the bows and level with the seas, it seemed as though the touch of our stem churned the dark-colored water into a rain of blood, as the wind flung the spray and drift in a constant stream across the sun-glow.

Tea was over, and the hands below were donning mufflers and extra guernseys in readiness for the bitter deck; and in the engine-room—we carried a small donkey engine for heaving the gear with—the boy was trimming the lamps by the light of the boiler fire. We had laid down the law to him: no lamp trimming until we had finished tea, for, after all, even a smacksman has an objection to paraffin as a flavoring to his 'grub,' for our lad seemed to bathe in it—waste rags he scorned, or at least preferred his hair to do duty for them.

Our paraffin distributor had just answered the skipper's 'Hurry up with the lamps!' when we heard the smashing of glass as the smack gave an extra lurch, and in a moment the cabin was lit up with a bright glare issuing from the engine-room, and the lad ran shouting up the ladder. We sprang to the doorway, to find the place a mass of flames from the burning oil swilling on the floor. We were trapped! To gain the deck we must rush through the flames to the ladder; there was no door to shut out the fire from the cabin, and the dense smoke poured chokingly on us; every moment's hesitation made our situation more desperate. We tore the berth doors open, and seized the rugs and blankets to envelop our heads, before making the awful rush, but the skipper on deck had realized our terrible position, and was smashing off the binnacle hatch at the further end of the cabin.

The heat and smoke were stifling, as we huddled at the cabin stern to keep out of reach of the flames, but each time the ship's stern swung up the downward eddy of air drove them on to us, scorching our hands and faces. The deck-hand wrapped his oilskin coat round his head, ready to make a rush for the ladder, when down on our heads fell the compass and broken woodwork of the hatch, and above us were the dark heavens, with the stars gleaming down. Even then there was a generous struggle as to who should be the last to leave, but the open hatch sucked the flames, and one by one we struggled through the narrow opening.

A few moments only we drank in the life-giving breeze, then flew to the hold for buckets, or anything that would hold water, and as fast as we could fill them we flung the water down on the flames. We were but wasting our time, for the lad in his fright of the burning lamp, had overturned a four-gallon tin of oil, and the vessel was no sodden old hulk, but made of new and dry timber, and the oil had run into every accessible hole and cranny.

WATCHING THE LOSS OF THEIR ALL.

The flames spouted up into the night, lighting up every rope and sail, and we were bathed with perspiration, despite the intense cold; while the roar of the steam blowing off, as the flames played on the boiler, drowned even the rush of the seas. By this time the fire was bursting through the broken binnacle hatch. We dragged spare sails from the forepeak, and battened them over the hatches to try to smother the fire, but they were no sooner on than they were burnt through, and fiercer than ever the flames poured out.

We could do no more; it only remained for us to get the boat out. The skipper stood looking bitterly at his ruin, for all his hard life's savings had been ventured in the ship—and to come to this!

The sight of him standing stupified was too much for us, so again we manned the buckets, but we might as well have emptied them overboard for the good they did, and the awful roar of the steam escaping from the boiler warned us that any instant we might be blown up.

All our clothing and food were in the burning cabin, and the horror of passing a night in the open boat loomed vividly before us. Our only chance lay in some vessel sighting the glare and running down to our assistance, but such chance was very small, as we were out of the usual track.

We had abandoned the buckets now, and held on forward, a silent little group, helplessly watching the fire getting stronger each minute; the wind, as the stern swung up, driving the flames in sheets across the lee quarter, and any instant we knew the tiller lashings might be burned through. We were 'laid to.' The mizenmast and sail were all on fire now, and little jets of flames ran flickering up the newly-tarred ropes, firing the smack aloft.

There was no hope now, and sorrowfully we rigged the tackle on the boat and hove her out.

'Get into her, boys, before the tiller lashings part,' mournfully said the skipper. One by one we watched our chance, and sprang into the boat dancing alongside, stowing the lad in the bows, half stunned at the extent of the mischief he had made, and fearfully eyeing the skipper as he held on against the rail watching the completion of his ruin.

'Come along, skipper,' we cried, 'the boiler will blow up.'

'All the better!' he bitterly replied, and made no attempt to move.

'I'm not going to see the old man killed,' and the deckhand sprang on board again as the boat swung alongside; he was just on the rail, a dark blot against the fire, when down fell the heavy boom, pinning him like a rat! Unseen by us, the fire had burnt through the lift and leech of the mainsail. We forced the boat alongside, and—how I don't know—we dragged the heavy spar off him, and as gently as we could—but it was rough at 'that' with such a running sea—laid him in the bottom of the boat, crushed and moaning, the skipper coming last. Then we cast off, and tried to do the best we could for our crippled shipmate, but we could only lay him as easy as we knew how, and hope for the best, for what injuries he had received we were ignorant of.

Little do folks ashore reck of sea hardships. If a man gets run over in the streets he can have the best doctors in a hospital at once, where everything is held in readiness; but here we were with an injured man—maybe dying—in a little boat on a pitiless night, miles and miles away from land, with no knowledge ourselves what to do to ease him, but only able to look at one another in helpless pity.

The smack was all ablaze now, the sails driving away to leeward in great flakes of fire; the seas running black as ink against the light, and as they fell, changed into great sheets of trembling light.

We gazed eagerly around for any sign of a ship, but if any light was near, we failed to see it, as the glare from the burning smack dimmed even the stars.

As the mainsail burnt away, she slowly payed off, and sailed away before the wind. There was a chance yet—if only one of those following seas would burst over the stern; but, no, on she went to her end, rising up to the crest stately and awful, then into the trough, and when we lost her shape—the black water running up between us and the fire—it seemed as though a volcano had sprung up from the deep. On she went, until at last we saw an upward rush of flame and steam, and as the burning wreckage fell, we caught the faint rumble of an explosion—the boiler had burst! Had it sunk her? At all events the fire was out, and all was black once more, with the stars gleaming coldly on us. We pulled away in the direction we saw her last, but if still afloat she must have outsailed us with the foresail and jib still drawing, for after a weary hour's pull we gained no sight of her, and at last we lay sullenly on our oars.

Our poor deck-hand lay half unconscious and moaning; the keen wind, as it nipped us to the bone, made us feel how he must suffer, lying in the leakage of the boat. We kept taking turns at the oars to keep our blood on the move, and pulling down the wind, as the skipper said the Norway land lay to leeward. Not a light broke the blackness at any point. Once or twice we were deceived by some star rising up, making us eager with hope of a ship heading for us.

Through all the weary night we pulled onward, taking turns of lying beside poor Charlie, with our arms under his head to give him a little comfort—it was all we could do for him, poor fellow; and when at length the dawn came graying up, we saw the blue cliffs of the Norway coast low down on the horizon, and nearer yet, to our great joy, there was a sail heading our way, and as the distance lessened, we made it out to be a Norwegian pilot boat. He saw us, for the little cruising jib was run in, and a handsome big one took its place, and by the time the sun was showing he was hove to alongside us. When they saw our injured mate in the bottom, they had us in tow at once, as we thought it best not to shift him from under the thwarts until we could get a doctor.

By the time we ran into the fjord the pilot boat sailed from, Charlie was delirious, and lay in a little fisher cottage many a weary day before he saw his home again. And our old skipper had to follow up his work in his old age to earn a mere living. It took us some time, too, to pull round, and get another stock of clothes together, for we had lost our all.

So you see it is not only storms that a smacksman has to toil through to earn his daily bread, but fire and accidents come and lay us low; still, we look on hardships as part of our life, and happy are we when able to grasp the joyful fact that Christ in heaven cares for us, and moves the hearts of his followers on shore to think of us too.

The Decent Folks' Sin.

(Published by a request from Guelph, Ont.)

John Grant was a Scotchman, leal-hearted and true,
A blacksmith to trade, good work he could do,
Obliging and steady, he ne'er tasted drink,
And he smoked but an ounce in the week, I think.

Katie, his wife, had a face fresh and fair,
And to John, no woman with her could compare,
A true-loving couple, not the least of their joys
Was that they had been blessed with two sturdy boys!

But in fairest of 'Edens' a serpent may lurk;
And John comin' in one night from his work,
Was confounded to find Katie's face bathed in tears;
He stood quite amazed, with a mind full of fears.

Then strode forward, and gently lifting her head,
'What ails ye, my lass,' he anxiously said,
Kate lifted her apron, her wet cheeks to wipe,
And out fell tobacco, some matches, a pipe.

'John, oot oor Rob's pocket a' got they the nicht,
An' I'm fear'd he'll gang wrang, for he's no daen' richt.'
'Whesht, Katie, ma woman, nae greetin', hoot, toot,
About the young scoundrel ne'er pit yersel' oot.'

'An' besides,' John went on with a smile on his face,
'That's no sic a sin, or a deedly disgrace,
"Baccy's weel patronized by maist decent folks,
No to gang very far—Oor Minister smokes.'

As John uttered these words Katie sprang to her feet,
'Ye ca' it "nae sin!" and ye wonder a' greef;
It's a dacent folk's sin! an' ye're gaun wi' the lave,
Nor seekin' frae evils yer laddie to save.

'Oor minister smokes! o' that there's nae doot,
Puir Bob telled me that, juist afore he ran oot,
But it's off to the manse this night a' will gang,
It's no be ma faut if ma laddie gangs wrang!'

Dumfounded was John, he had ne'er seen his wife
In such an excitement in their married life.
He went round the corner, and there he did wait,
Till he saw Katie enter the minister's gate.

Then he went to his 'study' and there stopped to think,
'Katie's no that far wrang, smokin' leads aft to drink;
"A dacent folk's sin," that's a hard nut to nae joke;
Smokers disna aye drink, drinkers maistly aye smoke!'

'"A dacent folk's sin,' that's a hard nut to crack;
Sic a tift she was in; a' wush she was back;
A've a gude mind ta fallow her straught up the brae,
A'm wonderin'—'what will the minister say?'

As Katie was shown to the minister's room,
She nearly grew sick by the heavy perfume
Coming in from the garden, the window ajar,
Where the minister smoked his evening cigar.

With a frank smile he entered poor Katie to greet,
'How are you to-night, Mrs. Grant? Take this seat,'
But the moment his eyes on Katie's face fell,
He said 'What's the matter? I hope you're all well!'

'We're a' weel, sir! thank ye! but a'm sair put aboot,
This nicht John an' me, hae fairly cast oot.'
So Katie began—no time did she waste,
But plunged into her story with desperate haste;

Telling what she had found in Rob's pocket that nicht,
And she said 'A' told John, ye're no daein richt,
In smokin' yersel; and maitters tae mend.'
There Kate's heart beat as her story did end.
He said, 'Baccy's patroneezed by most dacent folks,
No to gang very far, oor minister smokes.'

Mr. Martin's face flushed, hesitating he said,
'Your moral is plain, and easily read;
And I think you're quite right every means to employ,
For keeping temptation away from your boy.

But as for him smoking, 'tis but a boy's trick,
He'll soon give it up, whene'er he turns sick;
It's true smoking often has led on to drink;
But it cannot do that with abstainers, I think.

John and I are abstainers; there's no need for alarm,
And all that I smoke, can do nobody harm;
A small, mild cigar in the evening just serves
To give rest to my brain, and to soothe all my nerves,
And fits me for study, or sermons to write;
For you see, Mrs. Grant, my work is not light.'

With the air of a queen, Katie rose from her chair
And she said, 'Mr. Martin, these words a' can't bear,'
And she stretched forth her hand, her eyes flashing with light,
'At this moment a picture appears in ma sight,

Of the time when oor Saviour's blessed feet trode
This earth, when He entered the temple of God,

And that which defiled, He o'erthrew—He o'er turned,
While anger within His holy soul burned.

Ensamples to Christians—to others ye live.
Ye are His servants—His message ye give;
As ye study His word, or seek guidance in prayer,
Do you need a cigar for His work to prepare?'

Mr. Martin, like John, never uttered a sound,
But sat with bent head, his eyes on the ground,
While repenting—shamed thoughts flashed through his brain,
But his better self rose in the midst of his pain.

A gentle tap then was heard at the door,
It opened, and honest John stood on the floor;
A look to Katie, the next at the minister's face,
Who said, as he rose, with his own ready grace—

'A mother in Israel your wife is to be,
Thank God for the sermon she has preached to me;
Now a promise I'll make, and to it I'll stand,
Will you join with me, John?' John gave him his hand.

'An' that wi' ma heart, sir; the sermon's been plain,
The application's at hand, we'll no seek it in vain!'
'No, John, we'll apply it, and none of the folks
From this time will say that the minister smokes.'

The Will That Found a Way

(By Frances J. Maley, in 'Baptist Union.')

The sexton of Harrison Street Church was sick. It was prayer meeting evening; he had managed to go over awhile in the afternoon and start the fire, but now it was nearly time to open the church for evening service, and try hard as he might, he could not sit up long enough to attend to his duties.

As his daughter Bessie came in, fresh and sweet from her brisk walk in the crisp winter air, she was greeted with the remark: 'I wish you were a boy, at least, for awhile, to-night.'

'Why?' returned Bessie. 'What do you want me to be a boy for? I have always wanted a brother, but I don't want to be my own brother. If it's all the same to you, I would rather be myself.'

'Yes; I could not do without my Bessie, but I was wishing for some one to attend to the church. I am too sick to go.'

'Well, why can't I do it?' replied Bessie. 'Don't you worry. I will go and get Ruth and we will show you that girls are good for something as well as boys.'

Without waiting for any objection, Bessie whisked out of the room to tell her mother where she was going, and then ran over to Ruth Lee's, for these two were inseparables, and one never thought of having anything without sharing it with the other. So if Bessie was to play sexton, Ruth must, too.

A light was soon streaming out from the windows of the church, and the girls settled themselves in a comfortable seat for a cozy chat.

Their eyes rested upon a pleasant picture as they scanned the room. It was not a costly church, for it was in a far western town. Indeed, it was a little old-fashioned, but it was neat and tasteful in every detail. The autumn tints in the carpet were relieved by the rich crimson of the pulpit hangings. Two of the stained-glass windows bore emblematic designs, while others were 'in memory of' some dear one who had joined the Church Triumphant. One large chandelier in the centre gave all the light needed, for the building was not large. It contained no parlors or Sunday-school rooms, nor conveniences for socials and suppers, but to this people it was 'our church,' and Ruth only expressed the feelings of many others when she said: 'I love every nook and corner of this dear old place.'

'So do I,' said Bessie. 'It was here we found the Saviour, and the last years have been best of all because we have tried to serve him. I do pity young people who have no church home to remember. Just think what it would be to have no place of our own where we could gather to have Sunday service and prayer-meetings, but to have to go to an old school-house or hall, when they could be had. I have been wondering ever since that home missionary was here if we could not think up some plan to help build a chapel in that little town where, instead of a church, they had to meet in a hall, that was used for theatres, dances, and everything else.'

'Yes, dear,' answered Ruth. 'I shall never forget that talk we had lately at the Young People's meeting on, "Freely ye have received, freely give." An idea came to me yesterday. Aunt Mary was boasting about the number of dimes she had saved in her dime bank during the last three months. She said she had filled it once—and you know it holds five dollars—and was filling it the second time. She was so surprised at the result, because, you know, she doesn't have much money.'

'Why, Ruth,' exclaimed Bessie, 'couldn't we do something that way? Why not have a dime bank ourselves, and get the other young people, and the older ones as well, to do the same?'

'It seems as though we don't have many dimes,' answered Ruth.

'Well, I think that if we really felt that we were doing it "in His name," we would find ourselves ways and means of earning them. We might propose to take care of the church till father gets well and ask him to give us a dime out of every dollar he receives. That will start our banks.'

'That would be splendid,' said Ruth, 'though of course we would do it anyway if he wanted us to.'

'Suppose we form a club of ten and call it a "D club." Each one of the ten must see how much she can raise, and how many others she can get to do the same, and then turn it in at some set time, say three months from now. When I visited Aunt Kate's last spring their church had what they called "Chapel Day," when the young people gave their offering for this very purpose. Suppose we have a Chapel Day at the end of three months, and have a nice programme, and see what we can do. You know the saying: "Where there's a will there's a way." Let's find it.'

'All right,' responded Bessie. 'We'll ask some girls to come to our house to-morrow afternoon, and we'll talk it over."

By this time people were coming to prayer-meeting, and Ruth, taking her place at the organ, struck up that sweet old hymn: 'I love Thy Church, O God.' The two girls led so heartily in the singing that hearts were uplifted and helped, and all were prepared for the precious hour of prayer that followed.

After the service the girls succeeded in whispering their secret to four others and gained their promise to 'come to-morrow.'

Parliamentary rules were not once thought of by the merry company of six girls who met at Mr. Wilson's the next afternoon, but Bessie soon told her story and the plans that had occurred to Ruth and herself. Various suggestions were made, and it was finally agreed that the 'D Club' should number ten original members, each one of whom should have a dime bank and save all the dimes she could for an offering to their chapel fund. They were to use their influence to induce as many others in the church as possible to do the same thing. There were to be no fees and only committee meetings of this very original club until Chapel Day. Grace Miles offered to paint some badges, simply a large 'D' on a slip of ribbon, and naively added : 'That will give me a chance at Uncle Frank, and if he offers to fill my bank, I will let him.'

The girls laughed over this, for this same Uncle Frank, although a very wealthy man, was noted for his stinginess.

The next question was, who would be the other four of the original ten. Helen Baker suggested that it would be a good idea to enlist some of the boys.

'Yes,' said Julia Ward, 'it will keep them from spending their money foolishly.'

'On ice-cream soda, candy, etc., for us girls, for instance,' interrupted Grace.

The novelty of the affair, led as it was, by two of the most popular girls, readily enlisted the interest of the boys, and it was not long before the 'D' badges were frequently seen, and the air was full of the mystery of dime banks containing unknown quantities.

As Grace had surmised, the first time she met her Uncle Frank, he asked: 'What that D stood for?"

She told of her plans and asked how many dimes he was going to give.

'Not a cent for any such foolishness,' was his gruff reply.

'Uncle Frank,' said Grace, 'when we succeed you'll be sorry you did not help us.'

'When you succeed, I'll be older than Methuselah, You won't get ten dollars, Grace, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll double any amount you receive, providing the sum reaches fifty dollars or more.'

Before Grace could say a word he was gone, leaving her in a maze of delight and astonishment. But she knew full well what her Uncle Frank thought, and that he was probably at that moment chuckling over his clever method of evasion. But he didn't know Grace Miles. She immediately despatched notes to the original ten of the club, asking them to a committee meeting at her home that evening, to consider an important matter of business.

They came promptly, and after an hour's counsel together, it was very evident that fresh impetus had been given to the club's efforts. As to what they proposed to do, or how, an air of mystery hung over all that, which only served to draw others to them, and enlist them in the work.

Sometimes there was an amusing side to the sacrifices made, as when Harry Scott, in making a small purchase, handed out a two-dollar bill, and the clerk, knowing what his badge meant, and with a desire to annoy him, gave him only dimes in change. Harry made no sign, but quietly drew out his dime bank, and deposited the entire seventeen dimes.

Only the day before he had urged this same young man to join them in their endeavors, but he did not suspect that Fred was visiting upon him the disgust he felt with himself for refusing. Harry couldn't help laughing over it with the girls and warning them to be on the alert.

The dealers in confectionery and other

articles dear to feminine hearts declared they would have to close up if this went on much longer. Even the Juniors caught the infection and begged for a badge and a dime bank.

So the weeks rolled away and the preparations for a programme for Chapel Day were begun. Bessie's father was now able to return to his duties, though the trustees laughingly declared that it was quite unnecessary. Bessie and Ruth were here, there and everywhere, seeing to the decorations for the church and eagerly longing for the final opening of the dime banks, which was to be the closing feature of the programme. Grace declared that she already pitied Uncle Frank, for she felt sure that they were to have fifty dollars.

The longed-for day came at last, the first Wednesday in April, a bright and sunshiny spring day. The balmy air was full of the promise of flowers, and all nature seemed in harmony with the glad hearts of these young people as they wended their way to the house of the Lord.

Just as Harry Scott reached the church door he was joined by Fred Travers, who laid in his hand a dime bank, heavy with its contents, saying: 'I have been doing penance, Harry, ever since that mean trick I served you, and I have been doing a good deal of thinking besides. The result is that I am going to try and make my religion mean something after this, and have a share in the Lord's work.'

Harry could only grasp his hand as they passed into the church together, but there was a glad song in his heart that one who had only an 'associate' place should henceforth be 'active' in Christ's service.

You wonder where the pastor has been all this time. It had been a part of their plan to give him a surprise, and although he knew the movement was afoot, he had no idea of the proportions it had assumed. Could you have heard his tender and earnest prayer at the exercises that Wednesday morning, you would have known how dear to his heart was this little flock over whom he had been placed as shepherd.

The programme of songs, recitations and addresses was voted a complete success. Now came the crowning moment, when the contents of the banks which had been handed in should be announced. Harry Scott stepped upon the platform and told the history of the dime banks, the love of the young people for their own church home, which had led to the special interest in this Chapel Day, and the plans they had made to try by work and by sacrifice to build a chapel in the neglected district spoken of by the missionary who had visited them three months before. He added: 'The results are not alone in the amount of money which we have raised, but I am sure that most of us have done this "in His name," and the blessing of His presence with us has been a sweet reward. We trust that this is but a beginning of more earnest service. We have been greatly helped and encouraged in our endeavor by Brother Frank Miles, who has generously promised to double any amount raised by the young people if it is not less than fifty dollars. It is with thankful hearts that we announce the contents of the banks to have reached one hundred and ten dollars.

All eyes were now turned upon Uncle Frank, and it must be confessed that some experienced a feeling of exultation at his probable discomfiture. They wondered what he would do, but they were not at all prepared for what he did do when, drawing from his pocket his fountain-pen and cheque-book, he stepped to the table, and, filling it out to the specified amount, handed it to Harry. Then, turning to the audience, he said: 'My friends, when I made this promise I had not the remotest idea that I should ever be called upon to keep it, but as I have watched these young people day after day, I saw that they were in dead earnest. I saw, too, sacrifices of time and pleasure which they were making in order to build a house for the Lord, and the Holy Spirit used this to open my eyes to the fact that I, who have been for thirty years a professed follower of Christ, have been calling all this wealth he has given me, mine, with not a thought of stewardship. In his wonderful love and patience he has borne with me, and this morning I pledge myself, and all I have and am to his service.'

Do you wonder after that that the collection-basket came back filled with cash and pledges to the amount of another one hundred dollars? And can you imagine the hallelujah that rang through the old doxology as it flooded the church with its melody and floated upward? Upward, until, I think, the angels must have bent to listen.

A ZULU GIRL.
—'South African Pioneer.'

The Chief Church Member

(By Jay Benson Hamilton, D.D., in 'Advance.')

Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.

The pastor had concluded a sermon from this text, in which he had tried to portray the greatness of the ministry which was possible to the weakest member of the church. Robert Lister, a humble, diffident, member of the church, approached the pastor. It was evident from his manner that he wished to speak but did not know how to begin. The pastor pleasantly said, as he took his hand:

'Well, Robert, what is it?'

'I liked that sermon very much. I would like to become the Chief Church member. I can't do much. But I'm willing to do anything you say. You know I can't speak or pray; if I were to sing it would break up the meeting; I give all the money, now, I can afford, and that isn't much; what can I do to serve the church?'

'Begin with the little things which no one else is willing to do,' said the pastor.

A blank look of wonder, which was really comical, shone in Lister's large blue eyes. Then a bright smile instantly transfigured his homely face. He gripped the pastor's hand until he made him wince with the pain, and then turning away, softly said, 'I understand.'

The ladies of the Missionary Society were discussing the distribution of the printed notices announcing that a returned missionary would speak in the church. One member of the committee said to another:

'We cannot afford to pay to have it done; the boys who distributed the last notices threw them away in bunches, so that they were almost utterly useless. We might just as well have put the whole lot in the fire.'

Robert Lister stepped up and said:

'Ladies, I have a pair of big feet that cover a good deal of ground when I stand still. They can cover a good deal more if I keep moving. I am not fit to do much for the church but run errands; let me distribute your notices.

'But, Robert, you have to work hard all day; when will you get time to do it?'

'After my day's work is over.'

'We cannot pay you anything for it,' said another lady, a little hesitatingly.

'I do not expect you to give me anything. I will do the work for God, and let Him pay me.'

The work was done so thoroughly and faithfully that Lister was at once chosen for the position of Bill Distributor for the church.

The Ladies' Aid Society were discussng the supper they were planning to give in the chapel, at a church reception. One said:

'What shall we do, about the tables and seats? There is so much lifting and carrying to do, and no one likes to do it.'

Lister modestly said:

'I am not fit for much but to run errands and carry burdens. Fortunately I have strong arms, and am glad to have the privilege of using them for God.'

The night before the reception Robert worked for several hours, carrying and piling up the seats in a side-room and arranging the tables, which he had to bring from their dusty resting-place in the cellar. The work was done with such neatness and despatch that Lister was unanimously appointed chairman of the committee of one to have charge of tables and chairs.

It soon came to the notice of the church that one member was always ready and willing to do the many little things which no one else cared to undertake. He was called hither and thither. He never refused. Nothing was so hard or menial or humble but he would perform it cheerfully and thoroughly. He made a place for himself in the first month which multiplied his friends ten-fold. In three months he was the most conspicuous man in the congregation. He was sought after by everybody. No occasion was complete that did not enjoy his humble ministry. The universal exclamation was heard from all who were active in church work:

'How could we get along without him?'

At the close of a prayer meeting, the pastor announced that he wanted a volunteer for a very unpleasant duty. A man was very ill; he needed some one to watch with him that night. The sick man was very poor; his home was wretched in the extreme; the task was one of simple duty to a needy brother, and yet it would be an affliction to the Christian, who would undertake it. The announcement was followed by a silence deep and long. No one moved or spoke.

Robert Lister made his first speech in meeting. He slowly arose and awkwardly changing from one foot to the other said in a low tone which was heard with difficulty across the room:

'I will go.'

The next morning the pastor called at the sick man's home very early. Robert had

already gone to his work. The room was hardly recognizable. It had been thoroughly cleansed and put to rights. The bed was transformed by its new dress of coarse but spotless linen. The sick man was washed, shaved and robed in clean night garments. A little flower-pot with a blooming flower in it sat upon the window sill. The pastor looked about the room in amazement. The sick man spoke with deep emotion.

'I have heard of church members who talked about being like Jesus; but the man you sent here last night was the first I ever met who made a business of it. He had done ten hours of hard work before he came here. He scrubbed the floor and cleaned up everything in the room. He brought these bed-clothes from his own spare chamber. He washed me and dressed me in his own clothes. When I cried a bit and tried to thank him, he stopped me and said:

'I am glad to do this little thing for my Saviour. I wish you would let Him be your Saviour, too.'

'If he has religion, and that's what makes him give up his rest to help a stranger who can never pay him back, then I'd like to have religion, too.'

Robert Lister was unanimously elected Church Nurse.

After awhile I learned that Robert had contracted the habit of humble helpfulness to others. He never neglected his own home, and was very happy in it, although it was very poor, and destitute of many of the comforts of life. He was busy every leisure moment in serving the sick and poor in some little way, of which very few ever heard. The pastor found him before him in many homes where there was sickness and distress. His name was always repeated with words of gratitude and blessing.

In one home the pastor learned of a new phase of Lister's character which was a great surprise. A widow had an only son, who in his early manhood had become the slave of strong drink. Robert had taken a strong liking to the young fellow, and tried to watch over him. Again and again he had carried him home and spent the night in nursing him through the effects of a filthy debauch. The young man at last began to exhibit shame, and tried for Robert's sake to reform. He had remained sober for nearly a month. Robert was delighted and greatly encouraged.

The mother rushed into Robert's house one evening in a frenzy of despair, sobbing that her boy had been coaxed into a saloon and his fortnight's wages would be squandered and she would be left in want. Robert hastened to the saloon and entered. The young man was in the centre of a circle of young fellows who were all drinking at his expense.

'Come, Will, your mother needs you,' said Robert, with a smile, as he took the young man by the hand.

'Oh, don't go yet, Will,' his companions shouted. 'Let's make a night of it!'

As Will, hesitated a moment, one spoke with a sneer:

'It seems to me you are old enough to take care of yourself without having a guardian trotting at your heels all the time.'

The saloon-keeper, seeing that he was likely to lose the young man's money, came around from behind the bar with a heavy mallet in his hand. In a loud, threatening tone of voice he said:

'You meddlesome Christian Endeavorer, or whatever you call yourself, mind your own business, and get out of my saloon, or I will break your head for you.'

Robert drew himself up to his full height, and said, quietly but rather sternly:

'Before I became a Christian, I learned to give as well as take pretty hard knocks. I do not care to try my hand on you, for I might hurt you, but you must not interfere with me in this matter.'

The infuriated saloon-keeper struck a savage blow at Robert's head with the mallet. It would have been fatal had it reached him. The descending arm was seized with a grip of iron, and wrenched back with such terrific force that the mallet flew across the room and dashed the plate-glass mirror behind the bar into a thousand fragments. Lister seized his assailant about the waist, and lifting him up above his head, tossed him over the bar, sweeping into one heap of ruins every bottle, glass and ornament, with their owner underneath them, upon the floor.

The crowd, aghast at the exhibition of such unexpected, marvellous strength, stood in silence, motionless.

Robert quietly said:

'Do any more of you gentlemen wish to interfere?'

Before any one could reply, Lister seized the young man in his arms as if he were a child, and walked out of the room. This heroic treatment completed the reform of the young man, to the great joy of his poor, unhappy mother. The young man signed the pledge, and became a regular attendant at church.

A change in Robert's employment necessitated his removal to another community. When it was announced that he had gone, there was universal dismay. Upon every hand it was said:

'What shall we do now? Who will take his place?'

The pastor, who had not lost a valuable helper merely, but a beloved friend, announced to the congregation:

'The most important place in our church is vacant. Our friend and brother, who has occupied it has gone to bless another church and community. He will be missed by every member in our church, but by no one more than by his pastor. Who is willing to earn his wages of love and appreciation by filling his place and doing his work? Who will become the Chief Member of the church by becoming the Church Servant?'

At the close of the sermon, another man, just as poor and diffident, waited near the pulpit until the congregation had gone. He then said to the pastor:

'I am not able to fill Robert Lister's place. If I was, I am not fit. But if you want me, I will try. I wish to do the best I can.'

Begin at Home.

After an enthusiastic missionary meeting a young lady went to the speaker and told him that she would like to become a missionary. Looking at her earnestly, the missionary said:

'I suppose you have been working in the Sunday-school and seeking to win the scholars there for Christ?'

'No,' answered the young lady, 'I never felt called to teach children; I am not suited for them.'

'Well,' said the missionary, 'perhaps you have been helping in a mothers' meeting and trying to bring those at home to Jesus.'

'No,' answered the young lady, 'I cannot say that I have done any of this work, but if I went abroad, I might be able to begin there.'

'Believe me, my dear young lady, if you cannot work for Christ at home, you will not find it easier to do so abroad. We want as missionaries those who have proved themselves soldiers of the Lord Jesus.'—'Scotsman.'

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A poor woman stood near the magistrate who was hearing the case—'Drunk; third arrest'—against her husband. It was soon decided, but somehow the pathetic face of the woman touched the judge, and he said to her: 'I am sorry, but I must lock up your husband.' She did not seem one who would be a deep thinker, but was there not deep wisdom in her sad and quick reply: 'Your honor, would it not be better for me and the children if you locked up the saloon and let my husband go to work?'—'Temperance Cause.'

World Wide.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of last week's issue of 'World Wide'

All the World Over.

William McKinley—New York 'Evening Post'
William McKinley, a Representative American—New York 'World.'
President McKinley's Last Speech—New York 'Tribune.'
The President and the People—New York 'Times.'
Anarchy—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
A Much Needed Protest—'The Nation,' New York.
The Fight Against Tammany—Frank Moss in 'Leslie's Weekly.'
Some Boer and Other Ideas—Poultney Bigelow, in 'The Independent.'
Language Question in South Africa—New York 'Times.'
The Future Possibilities of Siberia—'Scientific American.'
Mysterious Thibet—'Daily News,' London.
A South Sea Utopia—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Duck-hawk's Strategy—From 'St. Nicholas.'
The Late Empress Frederick—T. P. O'Connor, in 'M. A. P.

Something About the Arts.

Popular Pictures—Pall Mall 'Gazette.'
Opening of the Ruskin Monument—London 'Times.'
Remarkable Prices Paid at Art Sales—'Literary Digest.'
A Wayside Word on Architecture—By an Architect in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

Concerning Things Literary.

For England—Verse, by William Watson.
Verse by Ben Johnson (1573-1637).
Ave Atque Vale—To the Empress Frederick.—'The Spectator,' London.
A Song of Low Degree—
At the White Gate—By Michael Fairless, in 'The Pilot,' London'
On Style—'The Speaker,' London.
A Sensational Novel—'The Eternal City,' by Hall Caine—'Daily News,' London.
English, Englishmen do not understand—Julian Ralph, in 'Harper's Magazine.'
Help from the Hills—Sermon by Phillips Brooks. Condensed.

Hints of the Progress of Knowledge.

Antiquity of Man—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Phenomenon of Vision—New York 'Evening Post.'
Malarial Sanitation a Success—'The Times' London.
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Important Experiments at Guy's Hospital—'Daily Mail,' London
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LITTLE FOLKS

Too Late!

'Say, Felton, how deep do you think we can make it?'

'Oh, about as deep as the house is high. We want it to be an unfailing well, you know. I'll dig on this side, while you dig on that.' The two brothers, Felton and Alton, were making what they were pleased to call a city out in their father's back yard.

A water supply was one of the things which they deemed necessary. Hence, they began to dig a well and had reached the depth of two feet when Norah's voice was heard calling, 'Come in, boys, your ma wants you to come to supper right away.'

'It isn't time for supper,' the brothers replied in unison.

'Well, I can't help that,' said the maid, 'your ma bid me get supper ready early, and I got it, and now she's sent me to call you in.'

'Bother,' said Felton, who was the younger.

'Don't let's go yet,' said Alton, 'a few moments won't make any difference; we'll dig another foot first. It may rain to-night and then there'll be water in our well.'

'But papa told us last night that we must go directly in when mamma sent Norah for us, and if we didn't we'd have to wait for our supper.'

'Oh, he's forgotten that by this time. Dig a little faster.'

So Felton tried to dig faster, and he became more and more interested as he went on, and before either of the boys knew it, a half-hour had gone from the time of Norah's visit. Then Alton began to feel somewhat tired and somewhat hungry, so he announced that work would stop until the next day. He and Felton ran up the back stairs to wash their hands and faces and brush their clothes and then entered the supper room.

But where were their father and mother, and their sister Minnie? Evidently they had been there, for the plates from which they had eaten were still upon the table with fragments of food upon them.

Then there was part of an omelette, quite cold, upon a dish. There was some milk toast, quite cold also. There were berries and cake. There was a cup of cocoa by each of their places, but that was cold, too. 'Norah, Norah,' shouted Felton; 'where's mother.' But then, through the window, he caught a glimpse of Norah taking down clothes which had been drying, and knew that she could not hear him.

'I guess we may as well eat what is here,' said Alton, 'and find out where the folks are afterward.' So they began to eat, but, somehow, they were not so hungry as they supposed, and the food seemed tasteless. So, after various attempts to regain an appetite, each boy took a piece of cake in his hand and went out to interview Norah.

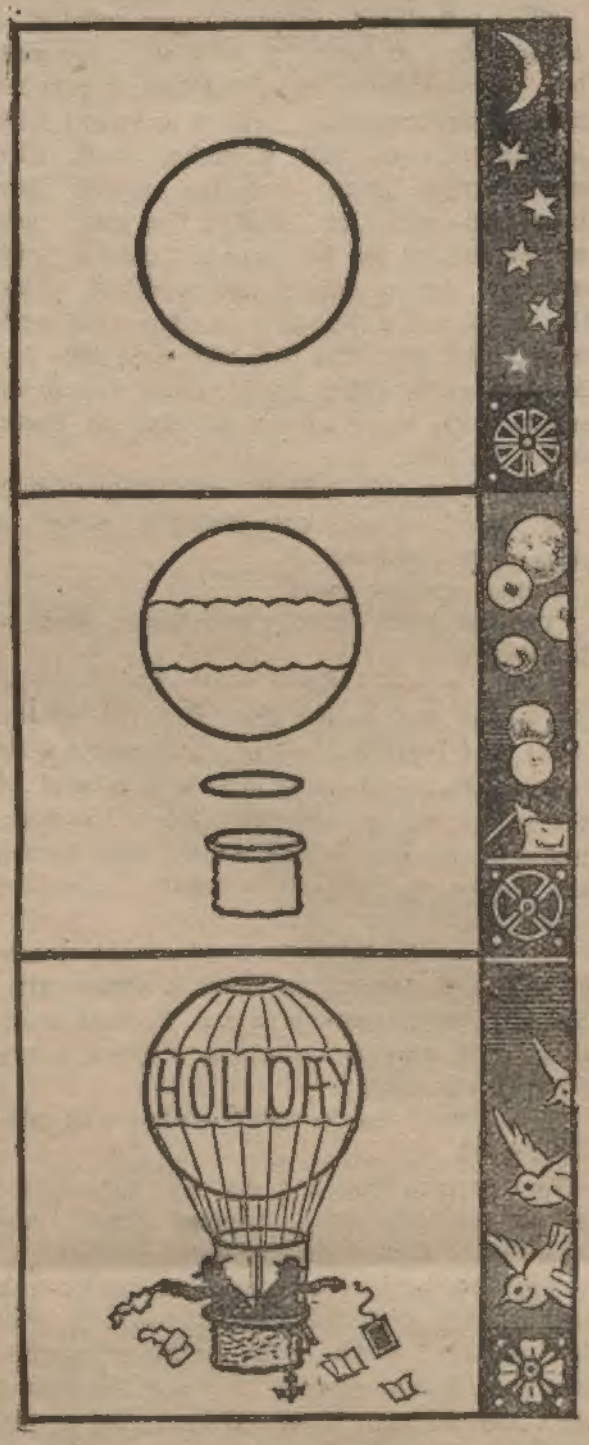
'Where's mamma, Norah?' asked Alton.

'Why, your ma said it was a pleasant evening to take a trolley ride, so she and your sister's gone over to your Aunt Jane's in the electrics, and your pa, he's gone the other way to make a business call. They said they'd all be back about nine o'clock.'

Nine o'clock, and it was scarcely seven! What a long evening to wait in! They were too tired to dig any more, and as digging was just then the business of life for them, they didn't know what to do. Felton tried in vain to find his ball, which he had lost in the garden that afternoon, and Alton gave a half-hour of discomfort to the cat by petting her in ill-judged ways, and then he said, 'I'll tell you what, Felton; just let's go to bed and surprise mamma. She won't know where to find us.'

To this Felton agreed. It was rather difficult to undress without their mother's help, and then they almost choked when it came to saying their prayers alone; but it was finally done, and two tired, heavy-hearted little boys crept into their beds and covered themselves as best they could. A few tears fell upon their pillows, and as each wished to conceal the fact that he was crying, they were perfectly still. The stillness was so unusual that they fell asleep.

HOW TO DRAW A BALLOON



This is a circle or
a ring,
A bond or bound
for anything.

Add to the circle, if
you please,
Another ring and
Stilton cheese.

A few more changes,
and you'll soon
Behold a "Holiday"
balloon.

At nine o'clock mamma and Minnie came home from one direction, and a few moments later papa came from the other. 'Norah, where are the boys?' inquired the mother. 'Well, mum, I've not seen them very recently. A friend came in to call on me, mum, an' I was so occupied that I forgot the boys entirely.'

With that Minnie ran upstairs, where she discovered the boys fast asleep. Mamma followed her and so did papa.

'Poor little fellows!' said mamma, gazing with pitying eyes on the forlorn children. 'Yes, poor boys,' said their father, 'it was very hard to get a cold supper and to miss a visit to Aunt Jane's, but then we must teach them in some way to mind promptly.' — Mary Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

He Gave His Life for His Country.

Here is the story of a boy who not only risked, but gave up his life to save his village. Some years ago there was a war between the French and the people who live in the little country to the north-east of Italy, called the Tyrol. I suppose most people love their native land, but at this particular time the Tyrolese were so anxious to save their country that even the women and children followed the soldiers to battle, in hopes of being some use to them.

One of the boys who thus followed his father was called Albert Speckbacher. He was only ten years old, but his father was one of the bravest leaders of the Tyrolese, and, young as he was, Albert determined that he would help him somehow.

One day the French went to attack a village. Between them and it there was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which the River Ard dashed along at a terrific pace. The only way to reach the village was by crossing a bridge. A strange sort of bridge it was, too, just the kind to keep a village free from any enemies. It was simply a great tree, which had been felled from the mountain side, and allowed to fall right across the ravine, so that its topmost boughs caught on the opposite rocks—a dangerous crossing-place, and one on which only one person could go at a time.

The Tyrolese knew what the French were doing, and a party of three hundred men, with Speckbacher as their leader, was sent down to defend this bridge. For an hour the battle raged on each side of the ravine, and the Tyrolese seemed to be getting the best of it. Then the French general ordered two cannons to be dragged up the rocks, and in a very short time more than half the brave Tyrolese were killed, Speckbacher amongst the number.

Little Albert knelt beside his father's dead body and wondered what he could do to save his country. He saw the Tyrolese were going to destroy the bridge. If that could be done the French could not possibly enter the village. He watched them get their axes and begin cutting through the roots and trunk of the tree.

But as they boldly worked, the French rifles killed one after the other of them till at last their courage failed, and no one came forward to take his place at the task whch had proved fatal to so many. A great part of the tree had been cut through, but there still remained enough to hold it firm. Albert looked down at his father's white face, then up to the bright heaven for a moment; then he seized the axe and worked with all his strength. A shower of bullets fell round him, but none touched him. The tree was cut through at last, excepting at one point, which was quite out of his reach. It was only a small piece of the inner bark, but he could not get at it. Albert saw in a moment there was only one way in which he could break the tree away from this point. He must put a weight on the top of it and snap it off.

He waited till the French had fired their bullets once more, then, while they stopped to reload, he sprang upon the tree, jumping with all his might. His weight, light as it was, snapped the little piece by which it was held, and he and the bridge went tumbling into the ravine below.

Thus did the brave boy of ten sacrifice his life to save his native village.

They buried the hero on the mountain side, and put up a stone telling of his bravery. — From 'Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes.'

An Old Legend with a Moral.

There is an old man and he lives in a wood,
In the hollowed-out trunk of a tree,
And all little children who will not be good,
But are naughty as naughty can be,
Are sure of a visit from old Gobble-Goo;
For he eats everything he can put his hand to,
And he gobbles it down with a smirk and a smack,
And once it is gone it can never come back;
And he loves to chew toys that belong to bad boys,
And French dolls with curls that belong to bad girls;
But if they be good, as all sweet children should,
They never will meet with this man of the wood.

He knows when you scream, and he knows when you cry,
And throw down your toys in a pet,
And are sulky, or selfish, or cross, and—oh, fie!—
Such children will certainly get
A visit quite soon from old Gobble-Goo,
For he eats everything he can put his hand to,
And he gobbles it down with a smirk and a smack,
And once it is gone it can never come back;
And it's upon record he ate a whole train,
Of cars that a naughty boy left in the rain;
And he comes in at night when the shutters are tight,
And he gives all who see him a terrible fright.

He breakfasts on trumpets and lunches on drums,
And dines on a wax dollie's head,
And eats for his supper the sweet sugar plums
Of the children who won't go to bed;
For they're sure of a visit from old Gobble-Goo,
And he eats everything he can put his hand to,
And he swallows it down with a smirk and a smack,
And once it is gone it can never come back,
But though he loves playthings he never will eat
The toys that belong to good children and sweet;
So I know it is true, he will not come to you,
The old Gobble-Goo, Gobble-Goo, Gobble-Goo!

—Cecil Ray, in New Orleans 'Times-Democrat.'

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 13.

Joseph in Prison.

Genesis xxxix., 20—xl., 15. Memory verses 21-23.

Golden Text.

'But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.' Gen. xxxix., 20.

Lesson Text.

(20) And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound; and he was there in prison. (21) But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favor, in the sight of the keeper of the prison. (22) And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hands all the prisoners that were in the prison: and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. (23) The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper. (1) And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt. (2) And Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers. (3) And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound. (4) And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them: and they continued a season in ward. (5) And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison. (6) And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold they were sad. (7) And he asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day? And they said unto him, We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it. And Joseph said unto them, Do not interpretations belong to God, tell me them, I pray thee.

Suggestions.

The typical character of the story of Joseph has been recognized by most Bible students. Even those who are least inclined to recognize Christ in the old Testament are constrained to admit that many incidents in the life of Joseph present striking coincidences when compared with the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. Joseph was the beloved of the father; he was sent by his father to his distant and wicked brethren, bearing, as the gift of his father's love and care, bread and wine: instead of being welcomed by his brethren, he was hated of them; they plotted against his life, and in effect took it away, having first sold him for twenty pieces of silver; but God raised him up out of the pit, and highly exalted him upon the throne of Egypt, and made him 'a prince and saviour' to his brethren, who would have killed him. All this is very striking, yet it might have been mere coincidence if it had stood alone; but when we recall the same striking coincidences in connection with other old Testament characters—such as Abel, who was slain; Enoch, who was taken up alive to heaven; Noah, who provided an ark of salvation for sinners; and Abraham, who offered up his only begotten and well-beloved son; so on through the whole book—we are constrained to say, 'Surely the hand of God is in all these histories, and his providence has shaped them so as to give a living picture in type of the leading features in the life of Christ.' Not that the actors or their contemporaries saw to what these things were pointing, but that, looking back, we might see how all prophecy and history were pointing to Jesus the Lord.'—From Dr. Pentecost's 'Bible Studies for 1894.'

When the Midianites brought Joseph to Egypt they sold him as a slave to Potiphar, an official of the court. Here Joseph speedily rose into a high position in the household as he was found always trustworthy and reliable. While the other slaves did as little work as they could when their master's eye was over them, Joseph worked with the thought only of pleasing God, and by his faithfulness succeeded in pleasing his earthly master, too. But just when everything seemed to be going so well an awful temptation came into Joseph's life, a temptation which if yielded to would have ruined his whole life and shut him out entirely from fellowship with God. The temptation was sudden and enticing and oft-repeated, and only the grace of God, and the conviction that to yield once to this temptation would be not only a crime against his master, but a great wickedness and sin against God, kept Joseph pure and undefiled. Joseph was kept by the power of God. But God had more lessons to teach him. God was making Joseph into a strong character, a polished instrument to be used in shaping the world's history. The best instruments require the most tempering, sharpening, heating and cooling. The best gold is that which has been purified in the hottest furnace. The strongest souls are those who have trusted God through all the long years of discipline and trial and out of the crucible of suffering have come refined and triumphant.

The Lord God taught Joseph obedience by the things that he suffered, and though he had valiantly resisted the temptation to wickedness God allowed him to be put in prison on the charge of having committed it. But even in the prison Joseph did not give up his trust in God, and God made him a great blessing in the prison. Here as elsewhere he was faithful and reliable in all that he was given to do and the Lord made prosperous every thing Joseph put his hand to. Joseph might easily have become discouraged and disheartened when he was thrown into prison for the crime which he had not committed, but though there seemed very little chance of his ever getting out of prison, still he clung to God and worshipped and tried to please him, and all the time God was keeping hold of Joseph and preparing him for the great work he had for him to do in the world.

Joseph had been in prison some years, when one night Pharaoh's chief butler and baker, who had lately been cast into prison, dreamed each a dream of his own destiny but they did not know just what the dreams meant, so they were very sorrowful. When Joseph inquired into their sorrow, they each told their dreams. Then Joseph told them that only God could interpret dreams and that the chief butler's dream meant that in three days he would be restored to office. Joseph asked the chief butler to remember him when he got back to court, but for two whole years he was entirely forgotten.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Oct. 13.—Topic.—Dark days and their lessons. Ps. 107, 1-15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PREACHERS OF THE BIBLE.

Mon., Oct. 7.—A preacher of righteousness. —2 Pet. 2-5.

Tues., Oct. 8.—The forerunner.—John 1., 15.

Wed., Oct. 9.—Peter the impulsive.—Mark xiv., 29-31.

Thu., Oct. 10.—The first martyr. Acts vii., 59.

Fri., Oct. 11.—Philip the evangelist.—Acts viii., 35.

Sat., Oct. 12.—The great apostle.—Acts ix., 15.

Sun., Oct. 13.—Topic.—Lessons from the Bible preachers. (Peter, Paul, John the Baptist, Philip, Stephen, etc.)

Win Sunday-School Scholars

No class of persons stands so near the door of the church as the Sunday-school scholars. So far as their outward lives are concerned, they are clean and exemplary. Many of them follow the habit of prayer learned at their mother's knees. They are familiar with the Word of God, and know of the steps necessary to salvation. Yet they lack the one thing, namely, the acceptance of Christ as a personal Saviour, together with the public and complete consecration of their lives to his service. Superintendents should plan special meetings and conduct evangelistic services in the Sunday-school at least each month during the early part of the year. Many thousands of our choicest young people can be brought to a decision in this way.

Sunday-school teachers should realize that 'Jesus is passing by,' and this is the favorable moment in which to reap the harvest of years of seed-sowing. Seek personal interviews with your scholars, and urge them to an immediate decision for Christ. At the very beginning of the great revival, their influence should be on the side of the Master. —Pittsburg 'Christian Advocate.'

The Responsibility of Unpaid Service.

Every church has in it at least three or four men and women who give to its welfare as much time and thought and effort as if they were paid salaries for their service. Often the church treasurer is such a man, carrying into his church duties all the energy and business ability and accuracy that he displays day by day in his own affairs, only with a more scrupulous care, if possible, than he bestows on other matters. The church clerk often takes a pride in being a prompt correspondent and an accurate recorder. The volunteer organist, the choir, the ushers, frequently render service that is but slightly appreciated. There are sure to be some in the Sunday-school and other auxiliary organizations whose Christian work has all the vigor and thoroughness of their daily occupations. It is with full recognition of the sterling worth of these faithful ones that we inquire why they are so few.

Sometimes it is the trustees, who are willing to let the church finances get into a condition that they would never tolerate in the directors of any other institution. Frequently the lack of recognition of responsibility is manifested in connection with the Sunday-school. That is a fortunate superintendent who has not among his teachers at least two or three teachers who seem to have no feeling of responsibility for their work. They are good-natured and well-meaning and full of excuses, but they cannot be counted on. Sunday morning comes and they are away, without notice, without substitute. They forget the teachers' meetings and make other engagements which prevent them from coming, much to their regret, of course. Their teaching often shows lack of preparation, yet they fail to buckle down to the study of the Bible as if it were really their business. They accept the permanent status of amateurs and confess without shame their ignorance of elementary facts of biblical history or geography. Does some one say such people ought not to be teachers? But what if no better material is available? What if these teachers are capable of becoming efficient workers if they could only be made to see the importance of the task intrusted to them and the obligation resting upon them? The wise leader will prefer to arouse such teachers if possible rather than to displace them.

Not only Sunday-school teachers but many other persons charged with church duties occasionally need to be reminded that they are not conferring a favor on the pastor or the superintendent or anybody else by giving their services, but are simply bearing their share of the common burden in an organization which they voluntarily entered; and, more truly and fundamentally, doing what little they can do as unto Christ the Master. We believe that a tactful word to this effect would often change the whole spirit of a life. It is easy to drift into the notion that because we are not paid for some task in the church the task is to be lightly esteemed, as subordinate to personal, business and social interests. But few in church office are so far from Christ that a gentle reminder, in the right spirit, would not set them right. The wise pastor will occasionally preach a sermon, not on the demands which the church makes upon its members, but on the high honor and dignity of the unpaid service which members are permitted to render to the church, the community and to Christ.—'Standard.'

Temperance

The Right Kind of a Strike.

When laboring men are oppressed and under-paid, the public is apt to sympathize with them when they strike for higher wages and better conditions. This fact leads Mr. C. E. Hess, through the columns of 'The Evangelical,' to urge them to strike against the licensed drink business. He says:

'The licensed drink traffic is the workingman's greatest foe. The hardships that it has brought upon hundreds of thousands of families in our nation are many times worse than those which gave the anthracite coal miners cause for grievances against the mine operators. The thinking miner knows he risks his bread when he lays down his tools and walks out of the mine to strike. He knows by striking he makes his task only harder. Every day's wages he loses increases the hardships of his family, hence the wisdom, benefit and equity of an adjustment of his grievances by arbitration.

I am not an advocate of strikes except in one matter. It is this: That every drinker of strong drink unite with the total abstainers and strike against the licensed drink traffic by the refusal to take another drink from this time forth. Do not arbitrate here, but strike. You can lose nothing by it. It is all gain to strike. Strike with a strong determination never again to return to the task of impoverishing yourself and the distiller.

The licensed drink business is to-day one gigantic trust, strongly entrenched in our local and general governments; a menace to our state and nation. It is a political taskmaster worse than the Standard Oil monopoly. It dictates the policy of our government, and places into office men who are offensive to Christian principles. It robs the nation of its integrity. It prevents government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." It pretends to be the workingman's friend but robs him and his family of home comforts and the necessaries of life. Its teachings and practices contribute nothing towards Christian morals, prosperity, and good citizenship. Its wealth is not spent for the masses but hoarded upon the piles of the few. It is power-greedy. To satisfy its greed this huge juggernaut annually extracts from this nation hundreds of thousands of dollars and the sacrifice of tens of thousands of human lives. It thrives only by making men and women destitute, and by the ruination of body and soul.

Do not longer support a traffic that is licensed to ruin fortunes and destroy lives. Strike now against it. Strike long. Strike persistently until it is out of law and out of business."'

Is it Profitable?

A young man confessed to the Chicago police, the other day, that he had just killed his own brother in a saloon quarrel. The police, thus aided to do its duty, found that the story was correct, and the surviving brother now passes his hours in agonies of remorse and penitence in a prison. The poor wretch says that, when told that the blow would kill his brother, he, in his prompt sense of disaster, went to the rear of the saloon, kneeled down and asked God to spare the life of his playmate and fellow-son of his mother. The whole matter is passed over by the papers as a mere paragraph of news, while lesser events are discussed in column after column. People grow accustomed to horrors and almost indifferent when awful tragedies take place near to them. Nearly a million and a half of bartenders are equipped with barrel and demijohn to give drink to still others and make them diabolically ripe for like fratricidal crime. Society has legalized that right with sin. The land is in bonds to the still and the brewery. For this cause the grim angel of violent death flaps his dripping wings over us during every hour of the day and night. When will the angel of deliverance come to minister to our woes, through our own brave efforts, conscientious determinations and prayers that will not be denied? The good prevented by strong drink is enough, ten times over, to curse it. The diabolic evil it positively causes swells that total to mountan ranges.—'North Western Advocate.'

The Absurd Drinking Customs.

Commenting on the attitude of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, and Lord Roberts towards the practice of 'treating,' the 'Lancet' (England), looks for a reform and adds:

'The word of our great soldiers will prove, particularly at this juncture, to be more powerful in the reform of our absurd drinking customs than the sermons of preachers or the opinions of men of science, and will counterbalance the harm done by the extreme dogmas of fanatics. What is true for the army is true for the whole population and especially true for those who live by labor, who need to spend wisely what they make, and who can only rise in the social scale by strength of character and self-denial. Laboring families must suffer some degree of starvation if a third or a fourth of the wages which they earn goes into the coffers of the publican instead of into the coffers of the butcher, the dairyman and the tailor. The practice of "treating" is wholly bad, because it leads to casual drinking, a habit which lays the foundation of disease. It lessens the sound nourishment of families. It promotes laziness. It degrades the sentiment of self-respect and takes the fine edge off many moral qualities. It powerfully antagonizes the remedies of the physician and of the moralist alike.'

The Drunkard's Family.

It is an ascertained fact that the children of drunkards not only inherit enfeebled constitutions, but peculiarly precocious criminal instincts and tendencies, together with an enfeebled will, leaving them an easy prey to temptations. A startling illustration of this was seen in twenty-eight families of drunkards examined by Dr. Wilson, when it was found that every living child in these families was either insane, epileptic, a criminal or a drunkard.

In Ireland female crime hardly exists, but for drunkenness, nine out of ten female prisoners are committed for that one fault alone. What can we expect when even in England there are some six public-houses for every school, and in Ireland the number of public-houses to the population is still higher.

How long shall we be contented to support, educate, and punish the children of drunkards, while disregarding the chief source from which criminality springs?—Rosa M. Barret.

What Has to be Done.

A correspondent in the 'Temperance Chronicle' thinks there should be 'more appeals to the heart and conscience' in temperance work. He writes:—'The average non-abstainer is much in the case of the Quaker who said to the temperance advocate, "Friend, thou hast convinced me that strong drink is expensive, thou hast convinced me that it is bad for my health, thou hast convinced me that I should be better without it; but thou hast not convinced me that I do not like it!" We want to convince them of something further—that by giving it up they can do service to God and man; and then it will become a small matter to them whether they like it or not.' It is this failure of the non-abstainer to see that the abstainer does service to God and man that is so inexplicable to all whose vision is clear on this point, and that forms the 'vis inertiae,' or power of standing still, by which we abstainers are so often baffled.

The cause of total abstinence has no reason to fear the truth and the whole truth. The ruin wrought by alcohol upon human beings and upon society, its menace to all we hold dear is so great that to distort the truth in favor of alcohol, especially in our teaching of the young, would be unpardonable. And to withhold from them one iota of truth that would forewarn them of the peril in alcoholic drinks would be criminal negligence.—Mary H. Hunt

Correspondence

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the Messenger' for a year and I like it very much. Mother took it for years from the W.C.T.U. Father used to read it to us on Sunday evening. I have two brothers and I had two sisters but they have gone home to heaven. My eldest brother is married and lives in the United States. My other brother and I go to Sunday-school. My birthday is on June 8. I am eleven years old. AGNES MAY.

Dundas.

Dear Editor,—My aunt takes the 'Messenger' and gives them all to me, and I think it is a very nice paper. I had two months' holidays and they are all over again. I like going to school. I have spent my holidays at Toronto on a boat and I would like to go again. I go to Sunday-school. I have two sisters and no brothers. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Dec. 24. I am twelve years old. MAGGIE.

Fort Covington, N. Y.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I have two sisters and one little sister dead. For pets I have one cat named Whitefoot, and fifty-five chickens.

HATTIE (Aged 8.)

Ponoka, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—It is more than a year since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I am going to describe my flower garden. First, I dug a little plot and put a fence around it to keep the chickens out, though sometimes they do get in. The other day one of them made a nest in my bachelors' buttons. I sowed and planted in my plot marigold, hollyhocks, petunias, poppies, pansies, chrysanthemums, bachelors' buttons, cosmos, marshmallows, sweet Williams and nemophilas. They are nearly all in bloom. The marigolds are orange, with a dark centre. The hollyhocks and sweet Wiliams will not bloom till next year, as they do not bloom till the second year. The petunias are single; some of them are in bloom. The poppies are just beautiful; I have both double and single: three varieties; the neighbors say they are magnificent. The pansies are doing nicely, they are all in bloom. My chrysanthemum is a winter plant. I will lift it in the autumn and put it in a flower pot in the window. The bachelors' buttons, of which I have three varieties, white, blue and purple, are very beautiful, especially the white and blue. My cosmos are not in bloom yet. The marshmallows and nemophilas are all in bloom. We live on a farm, four miles out of town. We have a number of hens, one of which I call mine; it has no name, but everybody calls it Bertha's little hen. We have a pony, named Dick, a dog, named Jack, and a cat, named Tommy. I have two brothers and one sister. named Willie, Albert, and Isabell.

BERTHA MAY VICTORIA.

Teteagauche, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. My father is a farmer. We live nine miles from town. I have only a few steps to go to school. I have one sister and two brothers. I have a pair of pigeons and a dog named Forty. We have friends visiting us all summer. This is the first time I have written to you.

S. G. S. (Aged 13.)

Silver Creek, Neb.

Dear Editor,—Our school began on Sept. 2. I have got one brother, and two sisters. I have been looking in the Correspondence, in the 'Messenger,' and found that there were no letters from Nebraska, so I thought that I would write. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on May 29. ALLAN H.

Kimberley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think there is no paper equal to it. I go to Sunday-school, and every day school and I am in the second book. Our teacher's name is Miss Gilbert. I am nine years old and my sister is eleven years old. I have six sisters and no brothers. ELLA R. H.

HOUSEHOLD.

Waste Not.

(By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of 'King Baby,' in 'Home Words.')

There is one spot connected with most homes which is anything but sweet! I mean the dust-hole! Its contents are manifested when the corporation dust-cart comes on its unsavory rounds, and anyone who has walked behind it knows that he has done so at the risk of typhoid or other kindred fevers. Decayed vegetables, mouldy bread, offensive meat bones, sour tea-leaves, filthy rags: all these items make up the contents of that terrible scavenger's covered cart, which periodically patrols our highways.

Now, I want to show the readers of 'Home Words' that such a monstrous heap of rubbish as is bi-weekly collected from their individual dust-bin should never be called into existence.

Let us take the things mentioned in detail, and see how best we may use our own rubbish. That each portion of that load is valuable, is shown by the fact that every large city provides an army of rag-pickers, who live on the proceeds of their industry. They make use of what we throw away. Ought not each thrifty housewife try to do the same?

We will take the bone nuisance first. We all know how rapidly bones grow sour if put away with the smallest particle of flesh adhering to them. Well, we must never so lay them by. When a mutton bone, (or any other one) leaves the table almost bare, finish the job at once. Scrape off each tiny scrap of meat. Some of those bits will pass through a mincer and provide rissoles or mince for the goodman's supper. Gristle and skin must make their way into a stock pot. I hope every occupant of a sweet home possesses such a utensil.

If you do not, a large crock with a cover will answer almost as well. This earthenware pot must stand all day on the range, whilst into it every morsal of refuse from the table must go. Every night this stock pot must be emptied, and the pot itself cleaned. The next day a firm white stock, fit for soup or gravy, will be strained from it. Flavored with curry powder, this is easily turned into mulligatawny. Mixed with boiled vegetables we get purée from it. Colored with tomatoes, we find an appetising broth. Thickened with farinaceous foods, we turn out really satisfying soups. All these, as you see, owe their existence to our once despised bones! But they have not yet done their work. We want them to act as fuel! Take the now clean, dry 'osseous deposit,' and when the dinner is done, burn it. 'But the awful smell!' I hear some of you objecting. There will be none, my friends, if you proceed as I advise. After the principal meal of the day make up a small fire of round coal. In the heart of it put the bones, covering them with a layer of dampened slack, or coal dust, Put the rings in place, and pull out the dampers of the range. Fumes of all sorts are then warranted to go up the chimney. When teatime comes, rake up the live embers and you will find no trace of bone.

Vegetables must be treated in the same way. Potato peels, turnip rinds and tops, carrot scrapings—all these are priceless as fuel-savers if burned before they have time to grow offensive. Tea-leaves should be hoarded if we want to keep our homes sweet. They are useful in gathering dust off a carpet. Then they and the dust they have helped to damp must be burned in the fire.

Bread is perhaps the most reprehensible object in a dust-bin. Every scrap of it can be put to a good use by a conscientious housewife. Rough bits or half-slices left at table may be soaked in skim milk, put in the oven and rebaked. They will emerge therefrom in the shape of 'pulled bread,' This will be a delicious addition to the supper menu. Pieces too small for this can be left on a tin overnight in the oven. Crispy golden brown, these scraps may be crushed with a roller or a glass bottle, and put away. When wanted for frying purposes they are found all ready, and greatly enhance the appearance of our fresh herring or fillets of place. Our new loves are also not deprived of their due allowance of 'soft.' These dried crumbs are useful in more ways than one. A cupful of them materially lightens suet puddings of every description. A safe formula for their use is the following:—Always give equal parts of breadcrumbs, flour and suet. Then you can add varieties of flavorings. For instance a cupful of fine crumbs, a cupful of carefully shred suet, and a cupful of well-dried flour form the initial foundation of treacle, apple- or ginger puddings. By itself, even, it is not to be despised.

Crusts of clean bread make good bread and milk for baby's breakfast. They also form the principal ingredient in Queen shape. Soak well in boiling skim milk; beat up with a fork; add the yolk of an egg; cover with a layer of any kind of jam. Bake a golden brown and mask with a veil of white of egg whisked up with a knife on a cold plate. One egg, after this fashion, consolidates and ornaments a pudding at the same time.

Croutons of bread are easily made. With the top of a tin cut out clean circles; fry in boiling fat; when done; scoop out the centre and fill with minced meat of any kind, or with stewed fruit. Piled up high, and respectively dusted with chopped parsley or fine sugar, the casseroles look dainty and most appetising.

The Mother's Work.

A mother writes to mothers in the 'Union Gospel News,' saying:—'Whether the old saying that, "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," be true or not, true it is that our boys and girls of to-day will be men and women when we are gone. The responsibility resting upon us is tremendous. Yet "His grace is sufficient."

'Some busy mother may say, "I have not time." Here is the answer I got six years ago when I made a like excuse. "You have all the time there is." I felt hurt at the time, for I had five little ones to care for besides the house work. And every mother knows something of the sewing required—besides other things too numerous to mention.

'However, I adopted the plan of taking twenty minutes at least every morning for reading the Bible; and beginning with the youngest child (three years old), we all prayed aloud, myself last, the Spirit leading each one, and sometimes we sang a helpful hymn. The children now feel that they could not do without the help derived from this half-hour together. Their lessons are more easily prepared and character strengthened. In the home I find enjoyment in the tasks that at one time seemed irksome. I loved books, music and painting—these have all taken second place.

'You may tremble at the sound of your own voice—as I did, especially when strangers were with us—but he whom you seek to honor will strengthen you, and what once seemed a cross will become a joy.

'We may only be atoms in this great ocean of humanity, but the hairs of our head are all numbered. Let us be faithful in our rocking, being alive unto God.'

'Let us pray for each other, remembering that Jesus says, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," and "Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."'

Sunny Rooms for Health.

The rooms occupied by children should be made bright, light and pleasant. It is seldom thought of as much as it should be, how essential to the health of children, plenty of light—especially sunlight—is. One reason why poor people's children thrive in the face of most adverse surroundings is that they are nearly all day out of doors in the full light of day and in the air. Keeping children excluded from sunlight and putting them in dark, gloomy rooms, is similar to caging a young bird and keeping it always in the shade; it will soon droop and lose all brightness, becoming dull and songless. Some children look pale and delicate, although surrounded with every comfort—nay, luxury—well fed, well looked after, and the real cause is often want of light—want of sunlight—and want of cheerfulness in the people, and in the rooms they inhabit.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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